

and threw it to the Federal sharpshooter, and in a few minutes he and the rest of the men had picked up all the coins they could find and tied them in the apron, which was a stout piece of checked homespun. The general estimate was that the money amounted to two or three thousand dollars.

Then came what seemed to be the most important question of all. Should Cassy go with the Confederates or remain behind with the Federals?

"You 'll have to make up your mind in three flirts of a chipmunk's tail," remarked the Indianian. "The cavalry 'll be along in less 'n no time."

"I don't see how I kin go," said Cassy doubtfully.

"Ride behind me," suggested Kilpatrick.

"But what about my baby?"

"Oh, I 'll look after that bundle," said Private Chadwick. Another man could carry the money; and so it was all arranged.

"Don't I look it?" laughed Cassy, when she had mounted behind Kilpatrick.

"Yes 'm, you do," bluntly replied the Indianian. "Set square on the hoss ef you can, an' don't squeeze the feller too tight."